

FLY IN OINTMENT BARKS UP RIGHT TREE

Erring Frosh Return Prom Tickets Purchased Illegally

Those Who Purchased Programs Through Proper Channels Requested to Keep Them

RE-SALE THURSDAY AFTERNOON

Six Tickets Drawn For by Anxious Seniors

At 4:30 p.m. precisely, on Thursday, Dec. 8, year of grace nineteen hundred and thirty-three, a vastly intriguing mob was noticed milling about at the northern extremity of the Arts building, first floor—in fact, very near The Gateway office. It would seem that out of somewhere six tickets for the Junior Prom had suddenly materialized, and that the hundred and fifty people who didn't get them in the original scramble were out to take another chance.

Anybody who wanted a chance gave their name to ten Seniors or Graduates, who in their turn placed their name on the lucky draw list; these names were then written on slips, and from among these six would be drawn—so the more Seniors or Graduates anybody knew, the greater was his chance. At the actual ceremony, that well known Junior, Mr. Ed. J. McCormick, officiated with his usual grace and dexterity.

In an interview granted exclusively to this paper, Mr. McCormick stated: "I believe the Juniors pulled a boner; but this draw was a whole of an idea, now you come to ask me." Needless to say his expression was arch.

SENIOR ELECTION FACTS EMERGE

Now that the smoke has cleared away, and student interest has centred upon other classes and their quaint activities, a word about the doings of the new Senior class executive may be in order. The elections this year were very exciting, and evoked no little interest among the student body. Pat Kilkenny, well-known lawyer and debater, was returned as president, in a close fight with Bob Scott and Larry Davis. Kilkenny had a majority of 11 votes over his nearest competitor.

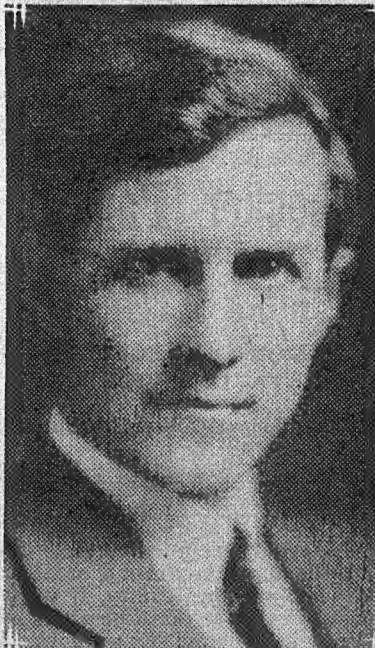
The vice-presidential battle was even closer. Jean Irving, popular House Ecer, was victorious over Kay Donaldson and Muriel Massie, by a margin of four votes. Cameron Grant was elected by acclamation to the post of secretary-treasurer, as was the case last year.

It was the executive struggle that resulted in the hottest fight. Out of some eight candidates, the slate of Gwen Nixon, Molly Buchanan, and Ted Bishop was chosen, thereby completing a very able executive.

Dr. Zimmern Thanks University For Interest

Another echo of the eminent Dr. Zimmern bounded back to us through the medium of radio last Sunday. Such interest had been aroused here by these famous speeches that the political minds of the campus, craving more food for discussion, banded together and forwarded a petition to the Canadian Radio Commission. The Commission replied that they would be delighted, and would invite Dr. Zimmern to speak over a national network. He accepted.

TO ADDRESS PHILOSOPH



DR. GEORGE HUNTER
Professor of Biochemistry, who will speak to the Philosophical Society of the University at its meeting in Convocation Hall, next Wednesday evening at 8:15. Dr. Hunter's subject will be, "Is Science Becoming a Menace to Humanity?"

NEW CLASS ESTABLISHED

Non-Graduating Senior Class Recognized

Non-graduating Seniors will at last make the Year Book! The executive has decided to set their fees at \$1.00. Previous to this year there has been no non-graduating Senior class recognized. This year the non-graduating Senior may maintain his identity as a Senior, and by payment of the small fee take part in the activities participated in by graduands. He is entitled to:

1. Picture in the Year Book, in a separate class.
2. Preference to the Midwinter.
3. Eligibility to the Senior Party.
4. Eligibility to the Convocation Dance.

In order to take advantage of these privileges, all non-graduating Seniors are urged to co-operate with the executive by making prompt payment of fees. You will be approached—please give your support, and thus convince the skeptics that this new scheme is feasible.

VARSITY RINK OPENS WITH A BANG

Wednesday night our own rink opened in a gay manner, thus prophesying a successful season.

Despite the zero weather a large crowd was in attendance. Bright colors predominated. Co-eds with rosy colored cheeks supplied by Jack Frost and gayly colored costumes added brilliance to the scene.

Approximately 15 fair co-eds dragged their respective males over Doc Webster's glistening sheet of ice to the dance music of the Union Rink band until 9:30, when the Moccasin Dance was discontinued in favor of skating. Thus the dancers were forced to lay aside their soft-leather footwear and don their skates.

The "spice of the program" was the skating. Due to the large crowd present skating was extremely difficult, and towards the end it became exciting dodging the numerous cracks that had developed.

Some clever fancy skaters were noticed among the milling mob. Unfortunately for these particular participants, and much to the enjoyment of the rest, it was not skates, but external parts of the anatomy.

"God Save the King" put an end to the skating at 10:30—scrambling for hats and coats—rush for refreshments?—home.

EMPIRE THEATRE GIVES PREFERENCE

Free Ticket to Students With Each One Sold

"This Woman Business," by that great class writer, Ben Levi, is one of the most brilliantly satirical comedies that has ever been portrayed by such a finished and accomplished cast as the British Guild Players, who have just finished a most successful four-year run in Vancouver. There the general high standard of their plays and the exceptional talent of each and every member of the cast met with widespread acclaim.

The New Empire Theatre, where "This Woman Business" will be played, Friday and Saturday evening with a special matinee on Saturday afternoon. The usual admission is fifty cents, but the management has made a most generous offer to students and staff of one free ticket with each paid-up admission. This virtually means that we get two tickets for twenty-five cents each. Tickets may be purchased at the Varsity Book Store or at the theatre.

SKATERS!

The best band in town will play at the Varsity covered rink from 8:30 to 10:30 Saturday night. Admission by season tickets or 25c.

Sunday skating from 3 to 5 to season ticket holders only.

There is only one way—buy a season ticket now for \$1.50.

THE LAODICEAN SPEAKS

As a result of apparent discrepancies in the recent sale of tickets to the Junior Prom, the Executive Committee of the Students' Council has investigated the entire situation. The following are the findings of the committee:

1. That the number of Freshmen who intended to go to the dance and who had secured tickets either by criss-cross methods or by other means not approved was thirteen. A number of these have since returned their tickets to the Junior Executive.

2. That in the sale of tickets the preference list as set forth and posted was not adhered to.

Obviously the major discrepancy lay in this second finding, and the essential method of obviating this discrepancy was by re-selling the tickets. Were the dance to be held on December 8th, a re-sale, owing to the brief time available, would have resulted in a state of confusion and dissatisfaction of greater magnitude than that already existing. To have postponed the dance would have meant a serious disturbance to the sequence of events after Christmas, as it could not be held before the holiday interval.

It was thus felt advisable that the Junior Executive continue preparations as planned for the dance.

3. Improper methods of distribution and sale of tickets were evidenced. No means of check as to the status of a student was maintained.

Some of the above discrepancies are constitution infringements. They, along with other above-noted discrepancies, are factors which are controllable by and are expected of the management.

The Executive Committee realizes the inconvenience caused to those who have been unable to secure tickets, but feels as above stated that an alteration in plans would result only in greater confusion and dissatisfaction.

Further definite procedure for the avoiding of a case similar to this will be considered by the Students' Council.

H. A. ARNOLD, Chairman.

JUNIOR EXECUTIVE VALEDICTORY

After the broadside of rumor and ire in the "scandal sheet" last Wednesday, the Junior Class Executive would like to submit the facts of the case in so far as it has been able to ascertain them from a careful re-examination of the lists. The tickets have been issued in the following proportions: Juniors 82, Faculty 8, Graduates 61, Seniors 73, Complimentaries 25. Besides this, there has been a case of a Sophomore receiving tickets either through misrepresentation or misunderstanding. To our knowledge, the other Sophomores attending the dance are taking Senior or Junior partners.

The case of the Freshmen has been much epigrammed and deplored. Thirteen Frosh, to our knowledge, were in possession of tickets. Of these, all but three were with upper class partners, and thus were legally entitled to their tickets. One of the three was the "Freshmen" who "it is alleged, have joined the Junior Class." His case has been discovered and handed over to the Students' Union. The other two returned their tickets, and they were placed on sale along with other tickets similarly obtained, or left over from Faculty reservations, for Seniors and Graduates Thursday afternoon.

Under the heading "Criss-Crossing" unfortunate misuse was made of "reliable statistics" submitted by the executive. The paid-up membership was 87, but the 120 tickets supposedly sold under Junior preference, as may be seen by checking back to the statement above, was entirely erroneous, having been obtained from a single member of the executive before he had had the opportunity to get the facts.

Unfortunately, there were no lists of students classified by years available at the Registrar's office, except for a partial Senior list which was entirely inadequate for the situation. Such catalogues would be a great assistance to future executives if they could be edited. We second the motion of Taurus for a declaration of class on the part of each student on registration.

The general allotment of tickets among the various classes does not seem to be out of proportion. Approximately the same number of upperclassmen would have been unfortunate in any case. But in closing, we should like to say that the Junior Class Executive deeply and sincerely regrets the omission of names in the programs and the unfortunate irregularity in the observance of the published order of preference.

JUNIOR CLASS EXECUTIVE.

THE LAST TWIST

The Gateway takes exception to the Junior Executive labelling it as a "scandal sheet." The connotation attached to the word scandal in connection with newspapers is distinctly condemnatory; it savors of "Hush" and kindred papers. We quite admit the paper dealt with a scandalous situation, but hardly a situation "The Gateway" can be blamed for; we merely put in concrete form a "broadside of rumor and ire" which was current in the University. We by no means published all the charges made by students, but only those which were especially prevalent and which we felt had some foundation. Our purpose was not primarily to criticize the Junior Executive, but we considered that some action should be taken to remedy the situation. It is noteworthy that the Junior Executive since the issue of the paper have done all in their power to alleviate the trouble. There are still some graduates who are disappointed in not getting tickets, but on the whole exception can not be taken to the proportional representation of the classes. However, there are still a large number of Seniors who did not obtain tickets. True, only so many Seniors could go to the dance, but the complaint of those who are excluded is that they depended on the preference list, and were not given a fair chance to compete in the obtaining of tickets. Under the heading "Criss-Crossing," The Gateway only published the statistics given them by the President of the Junior Class. Were we not entitled to depend on such figures without having them confirmed by the individual members of the executive?

In closing The Gateway joins with the Junior Class Executive in deeply and sincerely regretting the omission of names from the programs and the unfortunate irregularity in the observance of the published order of preference and other things.

VIROL FOR FABIUS

As printed above, the Students' Council have expressed the findings of their investigation. We presume that this is the last word on the whole affair. It is not our desire to keep any issue alive, but we feel that some comment is called for, before the question of the re-sale of tickets is finally dismissed. If the Council had smelt the rat before it was stinking in the nostrils of every student on the campus, a re-sale could have been ordered by Tuesday noon. If the President of the Union had suggested it, The Gateway would have been only too glad to have published its Extra that afternoon, and by Wednesday morning the sale could have been under way. It would have occasioned no inconvenience to those who had legitimately purchased their tickets; they could merely have checked their programs with the executive and had their names put on them, and suspicious tickets cancelled. Properly checked tickets could have been initiated to avoid further irregular practice. The Council saw fit not to do this, but we hold to our original statement that something of this nature should have been done.

A Mite for the Mote

The Fresh Class has to some extent answered those who still deplore the absence of initiation, by showing their innate manliness, in voluntarily returning their tickets for re-sale. However, in many cases it was found that they had purchased them perfectly legitimately by taking upper class partners, and in such cases they were requested to keep their programs and no questions asked. Such is the triumph of Buckmanism.

Scalpio Delenda Est

There can be no denial that cases of scalping have taken place this year. It is admitted on all sides that such "utterly" practices should be extirpated from the University. This can only be done by decisive action, while the matter is still current, and examples made of those apprehended. This evil was stamped out once before, but only after the Council had taken a definite public stand, summoned specific offenders and imposed fines.

C. A. P. and D.M.

FEES SLASHED TO NEW LEVEL

Warning Served to Frosh in Mid-winter Preference

Welcome news, graduates! The Senior executive has slashed the class fees this year to unprecedented low level. Graduand fees are to be only \$3.00. In view of unprepossessing outlook that is in store for graduands, the executive has wholeheartedly endorsed the policy of making the usually burdensome Senior fees as low as possible. When one looks at the high fees of other years, it will be realized that \$3.00 is the rock-bottom limit, if tradition of former classes is to be upheld.

For the three iron men that are to be parted with, the member is entitled to:

1. His picture and epitaph, full size, in the Year Book.
2. First preference at the Midwinter (no Freshmen need apply).
3. Eligibility to the Senior Party, to be held late in the term.
4. Participation in the activities of the week immediately after exams.
5. Eligibility to the Convocation Dance, the last University function that many graduands will be able to attend.

All graduands will be approached shortly by members of the executive, and their sincerest co-operation is earnestly requested. By prompt payment, graduands will assist the executive in their endeavors to meet the exacting demands of the Evergreen and Gold.

MUSICAL CLUB

The University Musical Club will hold its monthly meeting on Sunday, Dec. 10, at 3:30 in Athabasca Lounge. Mr. Fraser Macdonald will speak on "Jazz," and a polemic discussion is anticipated. All members are requested to attend.

MANY ENJOY ART EXHIBIT IN LOBBY

Charles Comfort's Water Color Portraits Unusually Attractive

Of the pictures exhibited in the Arts building this week, the one that is the most truly a piece of art is "The Shrine," from the brush of Charles Comfort. Mid-winter afternoon—the shadows blue and deeper blue—the snow rounded and of pearl lustre—the figures bowed in devout worship and the shrine laden with snow, gives the simple scene the hallowed air of a cathedral. The scene is full of deep feeling, of quiet and of peace. The richness of the blue shadows acts as a foil to the world of white.

Another winter scene is "Winter at Minden," by another one of Canada's artists, Mr. F. H. Bridgen. A dull grey day, with its grey sky and blue grey trees is seen. Against the neat and snug homes of the people trees stand brown and stripped of their foliage. The fields are over-run with snow. The houses have piles of wood cut and chopped in front of them, and blue smoke curls from the brick chimneys.

In sharp contrast to the above is summer sun beats down upon the "The Stream," by J. Hallan. The kiddies as they play in the blue pool. Yellow, bright sunshine and happy children's faces make the picture one of cheer.

The "Interior of a Mill," by E. C. Barker, with its sombre browns and its bright patch of sunlight streaming in through the open door, is colorful and rich in tones.

A dainty scene of pastoral coloring is "The Struggle," by Joachim Sautier. It shows a tree, bereft of most of its branches, but rooted deep in the purple crags and boulders, torn by the wind.

A canter along grey Ontario roads is the subject of "Between Showers," by T. H. Bridgen. The scarlet coats of the riders blend well with the riotous color of autumn, while the rainbow touches the far-off meadows and hills.

To leave the collection without specially mentioning the water color portraits of a Young Canadian by Charles Comfort, of Toronto, would be to neglect the "piece de force" of the entire exhibit. Working in a medium where one false stroke would have ruined his whole effect, Comfort has achieved an intense human document of such poignant appeal that it draws the interest of those who see it again and again. The masterful brushwork of the hands and the general effect of the whole composition, combined with an ability to display in an exceptional manner feelings and emotion, prepare for the artist his place among the truly great Canadian artists.

This collection has been one of the most enjoyable of the collections of pictures we have had. May we have more like them.

STUDENTS FLOCK TO PHOTOGRAPHERS

Studios Working Overtime in a Valiant Attempt to Keep Up With Orders

Good old photography! And is business booming? We struggled into one of the studios to investigate for ourselves the rumor that pictures were really going to be in for the Year Book by Dec. 10. At one we watched a graduating Senior struggling to do himself proud, to be both a paragon of chivalry and a dauntless master of the art of looking pleasant. Then we gazed on the beautiful co-ed—lissom, yielding and full of be-guilements, who fairly purred as the cameraman performed the operation, but proved to be as wild as a tigress when she saw the proofs!

We visited yet another studio. It likewise boasted a long waiting list—with an amiable variety of human types. First we see Willie demoralizing and debauching the camera. Then comes Willie's girl, blowsy, rangy and awkward, who humbled his ambition, confound her, by taking a really beautiful picture after her life and death struggle with the photographer. And thus it goes. . . .

Freshmen have been most enthusiastic in their co-operation with the Year Book staff; the Freshman class picture is now almost complete. But graduating Seniors have been most tardy.

To Use Old Pictures

There will likely be many graduates whose pictures appear in the Year Book minus the traditional graduation hood, as the Year Book office have stated definitely and emphatically that orders are going to be given to photographers immediately to make a print from old photographs. Orders will be given on Dec. 15—this will allow studios five days of grace to get all pictures now taken in to the Year Book, and also give them an opportunity to get caught up on back appointments. In former years it has been the practice to wait till January before handing a picture in. Don't wait for that spring sun! We will already have your picture by then! If you are not having a new picture taken, ask your photographer to make you up a print of your last picture for the Year Book. It will cost you only 25c. But hurry!

CORRECTION

The Gateway must correct a mis-quotation appearing in an editorial in this issue. The President did not say that "It would not happen again," in an official capacity; indeed, some doubt has been expressed whether he ever went that far at all.

PHARMACY CLUB

The Pharmacy Club will hold its monthly meeting on Monday, Dec. 11, at 4:30 p.m., in Arts 405. The guest speaker will be Mr. Fred Heath, of the Alberta Pharmaceutical Association. Your attendance is requested. Tea will be served.

I Saw This Week



Taurus finally succeeding in getting his picture on the front page of The Gateway.

Ted Bishop and Bob Scott Woman Chasing.

writing "I Saw This Week" at the last window table in Tuck on Wednesday afternoon.

George Casper coming out of the Theta House at 8:30 a.m. Saturday morning.

A Girl giving her seat to an old lady in a street car.

A Boy keeping his seat from an old lady in a street car.

Jean Irving downtown pricing kitchen equipment.

Jack Lewis trying to buy a Prom ticket.

A Senior at the Junior Prom—Believe it or not!



THE GATEWAY

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A PLEA FOR ACTION

Two years ago the students finally abolished the Disciplinary Committee, but its absence was immediately felt. There are a thousand minor problems continually arising which in the individual instances are too insignificant for the Provost to take any action on, and yet in the aggregate they present a difficulty which may reach major proportions. An example is the current discussion about class preferences; the only body that can properly deal with such a situation is obviously a student committee. To place such a problem in the hands of the Provost would be to burden him with questions which the students alone can solve.

The Council find themselves in the embarrassing position of having to acknowledge that immediate action should have been taken, but that they were powerless to do anything. Their deliberations resulted in the President's pious comment that "it would not happen again," an assurance that, in the light of present developments, is not particularly comforting. The members of the Junior Executive should have been heard before a students' court, and on their own evidence been absolved of responsibility, or dealt with in such a manner as was seen fit. As it is, the full brunt of criticism falls on them, while the Council sit in mock solemnity and mutter platitudes about having their hands tied and unfortunate circumstances.

What is the purpose of having a Council, empowered to regulate our affairs, if they are incapable of enforcing their authority. They are a ponderous body to organize class elections and expend money; not that the spirit isn't willing, but the body certainly is weak.

It is not our intention to be merely destructively critical, and we are willing to offer the suggestion that the Council bolster up its failing courage by re-instituting a Disciplinary Committee either on the lines of the previous one or the old Students' Court.

But these efforts were abandoned because of disagreement arising out of their attempts to deal with problems which more naturally come within the jurisdiction of the Provost, and not confining themselves to the questions involving only the relations of the students among themselves. The Provost has time and again expressed his readiness to co-operate with such a committee, and the matter rests in the hands of the Council.

This tribunal should be composed of three members, who would hold no other student offices and would be free to arrive at their decisions on equitable principles and without resort to legal technicalities. Their sole purpose would be to enforce the students' constitution and their own regulations without reference to questions of discipline involving the University as a body, drunkenness and such coming under this latter category. The Provost would remain in the background as an executory power, to enforce their decisions where students refused to accept them, although he would have no part in their deliberations.

The Council could empower a committee to summon students to appear before it, dispense justice and enforce regulations which such an unwieldy body as the Council cannot. Instead of empowering a committee to investigate the possibility of appointing a committee to negotiate with the Provost with a view to appointing another committee to draw up a tentative suggestion to make to the annual Students' Union meeting, for ratification subject to the approval of the ensuing Council.

We suspect that the Council has already commenced some investigation, and we sincerely hope to see some tangible results.

VANDALISM

In our opinion the most serious consequences ought to fall on the miscreants who attempted to destroy the decorations for the Prom. It bears out everything that was said about us by out-of-town newspapers. The students ought to take the matter into their own hands, and make every possible effort to bring these misguided morons to the authorities, or to inflict their own summary justice.

To hang back and avoid discussing the identity of such public enemies is to share in their guilt. The Gateway takes this opportunity of publicly declaiming that if we find who they are, we will have no compunction about publishing their names, and leaving the matter in the proper hands. No justification can be given for such an outrageous act of desecration.

The burden of their offence does not fall on the Executive, but on innocent and independent students, who contracted to prepare the decorations and expended hours of valuable time on the work.

Something ought to happen.

DEFENSE

Criticism has been voiced about the editorial policy of the paper, or rather the fact that there has been too much advice and censure advanced in our columns. But this is far from being the case. We, in our capacity as guides and interpreters of student opinion, feel that we should take advantage of every opportunity to comment, criticize, and direct, secure in our honest endeavor to represent and crystallize student opinion.



ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT TWITTERS

By T. O. W. H.

Cast:

"Two Gun" McCormick: A bull-headed bullshooter from Bulgaria.

Capt. Alfie Thayta: The unwitting victim of a dastardly plot.

Half-mast Harry: Just a gigolo.

Fern Atkinson: Harry's girl (that's what he thinks).

Kay Stockton: Just a girl who loves to stay home—provided the family is going out.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

The curtain rises on a beautiful woodland scene. The birdies (Ted Baker and T. Z. MacNab) are singing in the tree-tops (Chuck Perkins and Bill Epstein), and the little squirrels (Jack McIntosh and Cecil Jackman) are running hither and thither looking for nuts (Ed McCormick). Suddenly voices are heard in the distance.

Policeman—Hey you! There ain't no swimming allowed in this lake.

Edith Gibson—Why didn't you tell me before I undressed?

Policeman—There ain't no law against undressing. (Dead silence ensues for several seconds while Tommy Costigan and Harvey Johnston come in and chop down all the trees so that the show may go on. Guy Morton enters in the interim (1934 model). Edith Gibson comes running in, but slips and falls centre stage.)

Guy (touching his hat)—Haven't I seen you somewhere before?

Edith—No, but it might be the garters. They're my sisters.

Guy (touching his hat)—Say, you're a swell kid. I'll bet you love to please your boy friend.

Edith (blushing furiously)—Oh, I wouldn't say that. I get quite a kick out of it myself.

Larry Alexander—This play should be censored. (Curtain)

(Same as Scene 1. The woods have been cleared away until Act II, however, and on the land has been erected an impressive-looking structure of grey stone, with barred windows and padded walls. It is the home of Bubbles Taylor. That guy Cherrington is knocking at the door again.)

Cherrington (singing softly)—"I'm forever blowing about Bubbles"—Oh, how do you do. Can you tell me of Bubbles' whereabouts?

Maid (confused)—They're in the wash. (Bubbles enters on a tricycle. Jim rushes up and kisses her.)

Jim—Am I a little premature?

Bubbles—Naw, you're a little amateur.

Jim—I'm sorry. But how are you feeling today.

Bubbles—Lonely.

Jim—Good and lonely?

Bubbles—No. Just lonely.

Jim (briefly)—Let's go where we can be alone.

(Enter McCormick and his gang.)

McCormick and his gang (loudly, and in unison)—Bull!

(Exit McCormick and his gang.)

Larry Alexander—This play should have been censored. (Curtain.)

ACT II.

Scene 2.

(The woods have all grown up again. The birds have all grown up—in fact, everything has grown up except McCormick. Jay Burke and Fred Gale, disguised as a cow. They are scouting for information for the Seein' Stuff Club. Mary Slattery comes in from the right, whereupon the cow becomes embarrassed and pretends to be looking for golf balls.)

The Cow—Say, who's that girl friend we see you with so much?

Mary—She's the garbage man's daughter.

Cow—They say she lives in an awful dump.

Mary—Yes, but she's not to be sniffed at.

Burke, the Rear End (tremulously)—Let's scram.

Gale, the Front End—What's the matter?

Burke—The Rear End—Here comes Alice Thresher with a milk pail.

Larry Alexander, Neither End—This play should have been censored. (Curtain.)

Scene 2.

(A Courtroom. Every available bit of space is filled with people who have come to the trial of Lawrence (Playboy) Wilkinson. The prisoner is very nervous.)

(Enter McCormick and his gang.)

McCormick and his gang (loudly, and in unison)—Bull!

(Exit McCormick and his gang.)

Judge—Do you wish to challenge the jury?

Wilkie—Sure, I'll fight the red-headed guy on the end.

Pros. Attorney—Are you married?

Wilkie—I was, but I got a divorce.

P.A.—On what grounds?

Wilkie—Well, I don't mind washing dishes, or sweeping, and I don't object to dusting and mopping the floors, but I'm not gonna run ribbons through my nightgown just to fool the baby.

Judge—Ten dollars or ten days.

Wilkie—I'll take the money, your honor.

Lawrence Alexander (obviously making a misstatement)—Well, maybe it wasn't so bad after all. (Curtain.)

(We, the Editorial staff of Casserole hereby state that we have nothing to do with this play, which we are inclined to consider as slightly worse than the skits presented on the first Dramat Night.)



AN OPEN LETTER TO TAURUS

Athabasca Hall,
Dec. 2, 1933.

Dear Taurus,—Yes, sir, you know everything from how to run a fire brigade to the zoological orders and divisions! But, sir, while you may be appreciated by the Edmonton City Fire Department, I am afraid that your ideas of ornamentation should be listed in the semi-wit of the Casserole Section.

Your suggestion that the lower jaw bones of the Balaena Japonica be so erected as to form a portico to Athabasca Hall is an insult to all residents. There is a direct imputation that we are poor fish!

Further, sir, as to their artistic value, they are to be classed with the beautiful tire rims in front of Tuck.

In fact, Taurus, there is but one point in the article worthy of consideration, that is that we should in some way show our appreciation to the donor. I would suggest that they be mounted, say at the back of the stage of Convocation Hall, as the frame for your picture and a tribute to your "Mouth-power."

Sincerely,
G. A. R. MASON.

December 4, 1933.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Some time ago a representative of The Gateway asked me to write a criticism of the paper. I refused, because I did not feel that the criticism which I had most in mind (namely, that The Gateway, from week to week, produces the impression that the sole raison d'être of the University of Alberta is to provide dances, sports and occasional public lectures) would be profited by or even so much as listened to. But perhaps I may venture to suggest that at least a minor improvement would be the avoidance of cheap and silly headlines. In the issue of December first, The Gateway prints a letter from Mr. D. E. Cameron concerning the recent controversy over the Armistice Day commemoration. Mr. Cameron's letter was written with dignity, sincerity, and, manifestly, deep feeling. It dealt seriously with a serious subject. And the sapient "head-liner" of The Gateway entitled it: "Dr. Cameron makes first base!"

Would it not be possible to restrain the would-be humorous improvisations of this young "head-liner" until he at least begins to grow up?

E. K. B.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—On two occasions during the last month, numerous students have had the feeling that all was not "above-board" in the execution of University affairs. I refer to the voting in the Senior election and the distribution of tickets to the Junior Prom. As to whether or not these fears are justified I make no comment, but I wish to make a suggestion which might solve this difficulty for future class executives.

Each year when the student pays his fees he receives, besides his receipt and booklet on Medical Services, a small card from the Bursar which certifies that he or she is a registered student at the University of Alberta for the current session and is entitled to membership and admission to classes. In the upper corners of this card are spaces for the registration number and the fee receipt number respectively. Promptly on receiving the card the student places it safely away for the year, knowing full well that it will never be used and that the University authorities will never demand its presentation. Why the student is given this card, unless to make him think he is getting some value for his money, it is difficult to see. It appears to have little, if any, use.

In place of this card now given to each student, a new card should be printed by the University, containing the same information as it now does, along with such additional information as is urgently needed in order that each student may be more easily identified. The card might be made even smaller than its present size so that it can be more easily fitted into the average pocket-book. The required additions are few and simple. In the first place, the cards of each year should be of a different color; for example, a student registered in the first year of any course at the University should receive a white card; the student registered in the second year, a blue card and so on. No doubt, many have noticed a somewhat similar system in use with regard to registration cards. Secondly, the course in which the student is registered should be indicated on the card. Finally, for identification purposes, there should be a line for the signature of the student, the card to be signed before it is given out by the Bursar. These changes could be made without increasing the cost and with a trifle more work on the part of the administration departments.

With the new card in force, the dilemma in which executives have found themselves in the past is removed. At class elections, at the distribution of tickets for major social functions, and at other University affairs, it should be absolutely compulsory for each student to present his card, and under no condition should the forgetful student be allowed to demand or exercise his rights or privileges. With some simple check, such as stamping each card or taking down the names, it would be possible to drive out the evils as they now exist, or are thought to exist.

Yours truly,
A. H. D.



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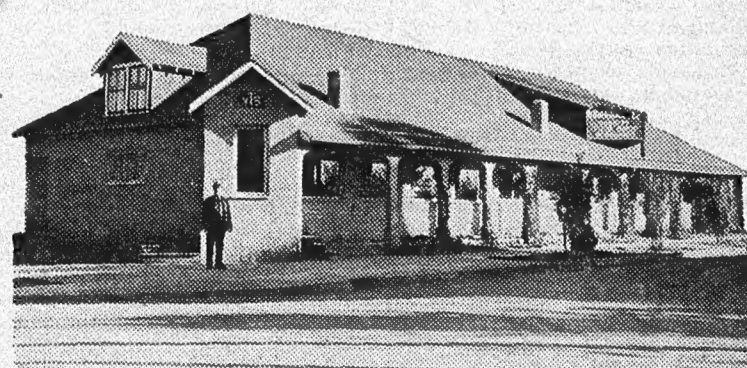
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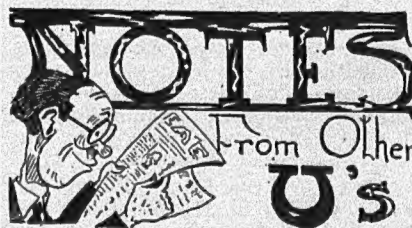
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TAKING STOCK

Alice C. Lloyd, dean of women at the University of Michigan, wonders whether or not sororities in the "luxury class" will be able to survive the present depression. As quoted in the Michigan Daily, she said:

"Without the financial crisis, the sororities on this particular campus would have faced a serious crisis in our increased dormitory facilities. With the added difficulties of a financial upheaval they are struggling for existence. The picture is a challenging one, and in many ways it is a good thing that it is so. It was time for sororities to inspect themselves with a view to evaluating their right to be on a university campus.

"In the past sororities provided dignified lodgings, unusual opportunities for friendship, comradeship, and a certain stability in social life. For this service universities and colleges should be grateful. Now, however, a different emphasis has developed. Dormitories have become serious rivals in the housing situation, and the time has come, I think, for the sororities to redefine their purpose. They cannot now justify their existence entirely along the old lines and must develop and move forward to meet the new situation if they are to continue as valuable adjuncts to the life of the campus.

"There are certain problems connected with sororities on every campus. The rivalries, the tragic disappointment of the fairly large group that is examined during rushing and found wanting, the so-called snobishness in our democratic institutions are some of these problems. We cannot get away from them. Sororities must offset these problems by becoming so valuable to student

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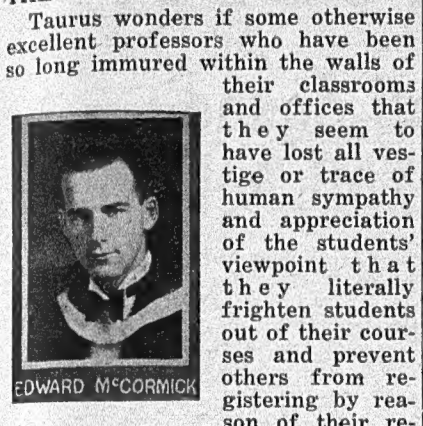
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members and to our universities that not to belong represents a great loss in educational opportunity. If we are honest, we know that sororities are not meeting this challenge now. In many instances and on many campuses, the sorority is a glorified boarding house. Out of this disaster comes the golden opportunity for those who believe in sororities. It gives them their opportunity to set sororities up differently on a far loftier level than they have yet attained." —Daily Northwestern.

TAURUS

THE BULLIES.



Taurus wonders if some otherwise excellent professors who have been so long immured within the walls of their classrooms and offices that they seem to have lost all vestige or trace of human sympathy and appreciation of the students' viewpoint that they literally frighten students out of their courses and prevent others from registering by reason of their reputation of being unduly hard on the young men and women whose fees help to pay the professor's salary. Do they not think that they could do more toward engendering a real appreciation of their pet subject in the minds of the people of this province by a more considerate manner in class?

LAUGHING

Taurus deprecates this miserable habit of laughing at the wrong time. Last Friday night at a very tense and extremely serious moment in the Senior Play, when skillfully portraying the difficult part of the soldier hero's mother, the dignified and cameo-like Magdalena Polley was about to embrace that cold marble-like beauty, Marion Clark, who, as the soldier's sweetheart, said, "Oh! Don't kiss me or I'll cry." Immediately the almost audible stillness of

the hall was pierced by a loud and sonorous "guffaw" which sent titters around the audience and nearly ruined the play. Taurus recognized the source of the laugh, and later reproached this uncontrollable upstart for his unmannerly outburst. Nothing daunted, this irrepressible chap answered, "Well, I couldn't help it—I just thought I would say the same thing if Polley tried to kiss me."

PROM RE-SALE.

Taurus is pleased to see that Hugh Arnold, our energetic Union President, has not been sitting in the Union office twiddling his thumbs. No, sir! that little bundle of dynamic energy has been working, and working hard to relieve the situation caused by the Junior Prom ticket gip. We heartily agree with our President that it was too late to order a re-sale, which we are sure he would have done, but for the fact that many girls are already on their way from distant points. If a re-sale had been ordered many students would not have known whether or not they were going until Thursday, which is much too late to invite an out-of-town girl—especially one who live in Lethbridge or points south.

If the Prom were postponed it could not have been held until after Christmas, and since both the committee in charge and the girls who are attending the dance have finished preparations and decorations, it would cause too much inconvenience and hardship to all concerned.

Certain Freshmen who were men enough to voluntarily turn in their Prom tickets are to be congratulated. They are the type that makes a University. It must be remembered that these Freshmen got their tickets through the unscrupulousness of some chiselling upperclassmen or women. You can't blame the Frosh!

Since the Spring Play is going to be taken to Calgary this year, Taurus suggests that each principal actor be given an understudy who would be ready and trained to step into the shoes of the main actor in case of sickness, or in case the faculty gets in some of their last minute dirty work by refusing to let the student travel. The plan of having an understudy for each actor would be one which would improve the general finish of the play, because the main actor would work hard in order to surpass his understudy. The Dramatic Society should get from the Registrar a "certificate of good standing" for each actor, so that there will be no chance of a student being barred from acting or travelling on the last night.

OH, GOODY!

Editor, The Gateway.
In your report on the Junior election last month it was stated that I was elected to the Junior Executive as Secretary-treasurer. I would like to correct this statement, as I was the defeated candidate. May I also be permitted at this time to thank the Junior class for not electing me to the aforementioned executive.
CHESTER PREVEY.

"ON THE SPOT"

Year after year goes by, students come and go; some get a snatch of Varsity life, others become so saturated with it that it becomes a part of their being. Singing, indulged in by the whole student body, is traditionally one of the finest manifestations of Varsity spirit. At Alberta this feature of campus life seems to have been well-nigh overlooked. Rare indeed are the occasions when any considerable number of the students get together for sing-fests. And yet the occasions are not lacking. Singing might be introduced at meetings of the Students' Union, during the intermissions at the Frosh plays, the Interyear Plays, the Spring Plays, etc. Such an undertaking might be well worth while, for occasions such as these might be remembered for years. When we get this much-desired Varsity song, it will be well to have some popular occasions for using it.

Our key-hole reporter informs us that advance reports from the finance department of The Gateway indicate greatly increased revenues from advertising. Several extremely lucrative contracts have been secured by the advertising department. An itemized account shows the following revenues to date:

Liberal party, articles on R. B. Bennett (without picture)	\$100.00
Hitler, six full columns (without picture)	72.00
Taurus, 2 columns (without picture)	24.00
Taurus, 3 columns (with picture)	250.00
C.O.T.C., four letters (without picture)50

This income, plus the ordinary commercial advertising, will make The Gateway a self-supporting unit for this year.

Religion is a peculiar factor in the daily lives of millions of people. Unbelievers scoff because they think believers are simply clinging to some strange superstition in order to counter-balance an inherent lack of moral courage to face life. The unbeliever thinks that the believer is simply shifting the burden of some defect in the believer's character from his shoulders to the shoulders of his religion. Yet possibly this is not correct. More likely it is that the believer feels some need for explaining such mysteries of the universe as the fact of creation and death and so on, and like the scientist, he will discard that working theory and adopt a new one when the test of time shows that the original theory is incorrect. The believer uses his religion as a sort of pathway in which to guide his feet through the way of life. Like a hiker down the highway, he will change the path if he find a better one.

At The New Empire

By H. M.

The British Guild Players presented the comedy, "This Woman Business" with great vivacity and fine acting. It is some time since theatre-goers of this city have had the opportunity of attending such a performance, but according to Mr. Willis, there's a golden future opening now.

Quite probably—if the acting is as clever and the plays are as good as the standard set in this second week of entertainment. Not that either was superb—but that both were convincing.

David Clyde was seen to advantage as the taciturn old bachelor disappointed in love "some thirty years ago" and not yet sure within himself whether he was over it or not. Miss Fay at times, particularly in the third act, displayed that talent which decided Leslie Howard to engage her in his uncommon play, "Elizabeth Sleeps Out," when it was first produced in New York.

And now the play. Five "women-haters" down in a country house resolved to spend a perfect six months in an Eden without an Eve. But she comes along and . . .

Let's first consider the five men. We have the host, a psychologist frowning over an essay on women—certainly he who was caught; then a young poet who sometimes found it very difficult to maintain his flippancy; and the old bachelor, disappointed long before, and who now was writing "Adventures On the Nile"; then a nervous, married man, for the time being disgruntled, the father of seven fair daughters and the possessor of a heart of gold; lastly, a white-haired judge, who had presided over a divorce court for half a lifetime, and knew that all women were "deceivers"—not that he worried over it; he rather enjoyed it.

Into their midst falls our woman. Ah, This Woman Business!

She consoles the old bachelor, scans for the poet, reconciles the husband, vainly tries to deceive the judge, and falls for the host.

Yes, he tore up his psychological essay on women—and married her.

On the whole, a most entertaining and lively, well directed production—good satire, better comedy.

Wellesley college co-eds have decided not to speak to each other more than once during the day while on the campus, because they think it is tiresome greeting the same person several times a day.

Back in the 70's at Penn State College, the permission of the president as well as the approval of the Dean of Women was necessary to secure a date with a co-ed.

University of Chicago has the largest football stadium in the country, Soldiers' Field; it seats 110,000 people.

CO-ED COLUMNS

CO-ED SPORT

By J. F.

King Hockey comes flashing back onto his now frozen stage for the girl hockeyists on Thursday. To say the least, the girls haven't suffered from over-action lately, on account of the weather and also on account of the slump in hockey training attendance. However, we hope to see them putting time and energy into their workouts on the ice. And what's more, to do justice to this winter's schedule of play, with what we hear to be outstanding performers.

House League activities opened last Thursday when Gwen Nixon's Arrows met Irene James' (so far unchristened) aggregation.

The score ran 20-4 in favor of the straight-shooting Arrows. This team, with their experienced and seasoned lineup, proved too much for their opposition, especially toward the end of the game. Then, too, several of the Pembinites players found it necessary to leave just before the game started, after waiting around a while.

Gwen Nixon scored heavily and repeatedly for the Arrows. She was neatly assisted by M. Smith and K. Stockton.

Irene James was the outstanding player for her side, playing a fast game.

W. Tait's Comets invaded co-ed basketball ranks in the opener featured for Monday night for the first encounter in the Edmonton Basketball League, senior division, with disastrous results to the latter. Spectators thought that the co-eds indicated that nervousness attendant upon a "first" game of the season. But now, with initial dose of medicine swallowed, they should possess a greater degree of confidence to step hard and fast all the way to the basket—"the next time."

The Comets, on the other hand, literally peppered away at our basket all evening, and, luckily for us, the major part of their efforts miscarried. Varsity endeavored to play a strongly defensive game, that helped to hold down the Comet scorers. Then, too, co-eds will walk with the ball, so when it comes to its possession the Eks get a lot of work done for them.

Varsity encounters the Eks next Monday, Dec. 11, at 7 o'clock, on the Esk playground overtown.

Co-eds will find it a lively Provincial League when they step into a schedule with the Senior Eks and Gradedettes after New Year's.

Last Tuesday night Varsity "A" squad did battle royal and tied a score in their second purely exhibition game with the Eskimos. As far as girls' basketball goes, spectators confessed they had a real treat.

Now for the players. We must doff our hats, or whatever it is you do, to Lottie Oliver, Anne Wynnychuck, and Flora Boness, the high scorers for the Eks.

As far as our opposition was concerned, Mary Howard was particularly pestiferous. She got down to real work in a game for the first time, as she coolly scored 18 of the team's points. Top scorer of the evening too! Besides helping to put Varsity in the lead in the second quarter, she helped in the last hectic minutes to bring Varsity back to a tie.

In this two-minute rally on the part of Varsity, Evelyn B., Amy and Mary each scored a basket to make it the event of the evening. Thereafter Varsity hung on to the ball, but fumbled all plays for another counter in an effort to play primarily a defensive game.

It was a great game, and a clean game, too. Despite the close checking on Varsity by the referees, they had very few fouls called on them. Varsity did a goodly bit of "stepping" with the ball, so losing its possession an unnecessary number of times. Have to guard that.

When all is said, co-eds feel more confident of showing the Eks a real basketball team in future Provincial League games.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

The Gateway Inquiring Reporter wishes to express his indebtedness to the editorial staff of the Edmonton Bulletin, with whose permission this feature is used in The Gateway.

Your Inquiring Reporter heard through reliable channels that a certain Freshman considers the entire Freshette class "dumb." Taken back at such a sweeping statement, The G.I.R. decided to delve further into the matter, and interviewed his victims with this question: "What do you think of your fellow Freshmen of the opposite sex?"

The answers:
Ken Donoly, Dentistry student: "I have spent approximately seven hours trying to locate a smart Freshette, and have come to the conclusion that if there is such a thing she does not attend the President's lectures in Convocation Hall. There is lots of time yet, though, and if I see one I'll let you know."

Charlotte Colwill, Arts: "I think the Freshmen are just too ducky—especially the new president of our class. You've got to be a football hero. . . ."

Stewart Douglas, Arts: "I prefer Seniors, but I guess the Freshettes are all right as Freshettes go."

Ida Roginsky, Arts: "What do they think of us? Oh, is that so. Well, I can't say that I have seen any Gables or Barrymores amongst them."

"NO SECOND SPRING"

"No Second Spring," by Janet Beith, won the twenty-thousand dollar International Novel Prize for 1933, and when you read it you will see why so many people are talking about it.

In the very first chapter you feel drawn to the sweet young Allison wife of Hamish, a Scots minister. Hamish believes completely in salvation for the righteous and for sinners everlasting hell-fire and damnation. He accepts the Bible word for word, and glories in his struggle against sin to bring the peoples of the earth to salvation.

Allison, young and not nearly so assertive, tries desperately hard to be all that a minister's wife should be. When she is occasionally assailed by doubts—"How do we know the Lord will provide?" and "How can Hamish be so certain?"—she feels very ashamed of herself and does her level best to keep such thoughts out of her consciousness.

They have three small children at the beginning of the book, and Allison, who is still in her early twenties, loves to get down on the floor with them and let them play around her. But to Hamish this is very unbecoming to a fully grown woman, and coming upon her in his study in such an attitude he is quite shocked and reproachful.

To Allison the inherent purity and happiness of their children is a constant source of joy. But Hamish insists on picturing to them the eternal damnation that will be theirs if they sin—and the oldest is six!—and utterly terrifies them. Always the fear of Hamish's displeasure rises like a dark cloud on the clear sky of their delight.

And then comes Andrew. Having fought at seventeen in the Battle of Waterloo, he became disillusioned and hardened both by his injuries—which remained all his life—and by the horrors of war. Returning from the war he lived the fast life of the day, tired of it, turned to painting, and finally arrived in Glenlee, where Hamish and his wife lived.

He arranges to stay at the manse for a few days, which lengthens into a month. He charms the children and their parents, and is in turn quite taken with Allison's complete naturalness and lack of affectation. He and Hamish have long talks on current affairs, which the minister finds intensely stimulating, but the latter is vaguely troubled at times by Andrew's cynical disbelief. Hamish wants no doubts in his mind.

Finally, of course, while Hamish is away on a trip, Andrew gives up fighting his affection for Allison and confesses his love. They seem to be—in the trite phrase—made for each other, and together they marvel at the beauty of their love. But Allison—though she feels only admiration and respect for Hamish, and her love for Andrew floods her whole being—refuses to give up her children and sends Andrew away. He goes in bitterness, and they never meet again.

Hamish is still absent, and Allison feels as if she has stopped living. When on his return the three children are all stricken with paralysis and die within two weeks, she feels destitute indeed. If only Andrew could be there now!

But she comes to the realization that in spite of Hamish's seeming self-sufficiency, he needs her, and she spends the rest of her life raising seven more children and striving to be a helpful minister's wife—and not letting herself think.

The author, Janet Beith, is a young writer—only twenty-eight. This is her first book, and the publishers tell us that she rejected several manuscripts before she felt satisfied that she had measured up to the standard she had set for herself. Reading the book, you can well believe this. She uses exquisite English, and the story unfolds with an ease which betokens long effort.

I think I am safe in saying that you have a treat in store for you if you have not yet read "No Second Spring."

—G. M. R.

VARSITY TIES EKS IN TOUGH BATTLE

Mary Howard High Scorer of the Game

The upper gym was the scene of a closely contested exhibition game between the Varsity Girls' Senior A team and the Eskimos. The teams were well matched, and neither action nor excitement was lacking in making the final score 41-41.

Both teams broke away rapidly. The play was fast, and covered plenty of territory, the score being 9-9 after the first quarter. The stellar intercepting play of E. Barnett in this period undoubtedly prevented a higher tally for the Eskimos.

Our girls opened the scoring in the second quarter, and Mary Howard's sharp-shooting accounted for four of the seven goals scored. Two baskets on fouls gave the Varsity squad a lead of 25 to 17 at the end of the first half, the Eskimos having obtained barley 8 points in the second quarter.

It is difficult to say whether their defensive play was poor or whether our girls lacked condition. The play in the third quarter lagged miserably, and the Eks were able to tie up the score again, principally through the brilliant shooting of Oliver and Wynnechuk. The score was now 33-33.

During the last quarter the girls made a desperate effort to come out on top, but apparently the Eks had the same idea, Boness of the Eks tallying three fine baskets to overcome the Varsity lead, leaving the score tied at 41-41.

It is very difficult to assess the merits of the team from one game, but certainly Varsity has a squad that is well worth coming out to see. It is hoped that the great number of missed baskets was due to bad luck rather than poor shooting, and the frequency of their being out of position a matter of excitement rather than improper training.

The game was well handled and fouling closely checked, the Eks coming in for the heavy end of the penalties.

The teams lined up as follows:
Varsity—Coggswell (2), M. Sutton (3), H. Howard (13), I. Barnett (10), K. Swallow (5), E. Barnett (3). Subs: G. Carlyle.
Eskimos—Boness (8), Oliver (12), Knutson (1), Gallaugh (1), Phillips (1), Wynnechuk (8), Erikson (2), McMillan (2). Subs: Graham.

ing seven more children and striving to be a helpful minister's wife—and not letting herself think.

The author, Janet Beith, is a young writer—only twenty-eight. This is her first book, and the publishers tell us that she rejected several manuscripts before she felt satisfied that she had measured up to the standard she had set for herself. Reading the book, you can well believe this. She uses exquisite English, and the story unfolds with an ease which betokens long effort.

I think I am safe in saying that you have a treat in store for you if you have not yet read "No Second Spring."

—G. M. R.

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VARSITY SENIORS PLAY CRESCENTS TUESDAY

Many Players Combat for Places on Senior Team

Wilson to Choose Team Out of Twenty Players on Monday for Tuesday Game

Hockey and listen!! Al Wilson, star of championship junior and senior hockey teams in our sister province, is the mentor and coach of this year's team. "Experience and fundamentals teach that condition is essential," so says the coach, and judging from the two weeks of pre-ice daily training and this last week of "giddap-whoa back around the rink" conditioning, the team should be in pretty fair shape. In fact, the whole squad is confident that this year's team will be THE TEAM, and with no positions definitely allotted, each man turning out offers up a silent prayer of hope and digs in fighting. A former berth on the team is no assurance of a place this year.

Just filling up the goal-mouth both ways, Ralph Maybank—cool, quick-moving goalie, who was definitely responsible by his reliable sterling performance for the low scores against Varsity last year, is back again, working hard because Gordon Blair, ace of last season's fast, hard shooting interfaculty league, and of southern provincial hockey loops, is out to catch a place; while Devaney, unknown, but not to be overlooked, completes the list of prospective goalkeepers.

Adding weight and power to the team, Don Gibson, who likes to hit them hard, and former Varsity and provincial star, with Jack Talbot, classy defense player of last year's Imperials (this year's Safeway Canadians), and who can give and take the bumps cheerfully, as well as Al Burgess, nonchalant, bruising defenceman of last year's team, with Bob Zender, senior rugby player and star of last year's junior 49th hockey team, should give plenty of worry to opposing forwards and goalies when they break on an attack.

It's human nature to love to see and, within the rules, to give a few good rousing (friendly sort, you know) "checks" during a game, so don't forget and be there Tuesday, Dec. 12, at the Varsity rink for Varsity's first home game against the Crescents. It's only 25c and besides there will be carrying the puck to score on the opponents when not back-checking like fiends, the Varsity forward lines chosen from:

Guy Kinnear, voted one of the best pivot men in the league last year; a fast skating, stick-handling, hard shooting player.

Bill Scott—yes, none other than our Willie of the senior rugby team, and former Calgary Jimmies star when they were provincial champions.

Bob Cruickshanks, who learned his hockey in The Pas, around Trail, Kimberley and Blairmore, also as intermediate and interfaculty "shot" last year.

Jim Usher, fast skating pivot man from the south with good prospects.

The responsibility of centre man may fall on any of the above players,

while that of left forward will fall on one of the following.

Jack McConnell, "Moose" McConnell of last year's Seniors; fast, hard fighting, back-checking, he's in the play every second he's on the ice.

Woyewitka, who cut quite a swath playing with last year's league-leading junior Poolers.

Pete Gordon, of last year's Seniors, a hard shooting, back-checking player.

J. Canty, interfac player, who is trying out in Senior company and holding his own.

Peter Rule, whose hockey compares with his rugby.

Showing a preference to shooting right-handed, and from whom the balance of the team will be chosen, are:

Joe Ruzicka, a player with speed, stick-handling ability and fight.

Tommy Cornett, of last year's Seniors, and looking as good as last year.

"Duke" Ferguson, who played with last year's High River Flyers, has been starting slow, but getting back into old form.

Ken Ford, of last year's Seniors, and "Worm" hockey flash, who likes to give and take it along the right boards.

Now you have it—and I'm sure you'll agree with "Doc" Webster in his statement, "That's the best looking team as they've 'ad in the last four-five years."

HOCKEY COACH



AL WILSON

Popular young coach, who has been putting the Varsity team through its paces, and has the team fit and ready for the Crescents Tuesday.

HOCKEY PRACTICE

Interfac hockey practice at rink on Saturday from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. Science, Arts and Pharm-Com-Law will each have a turn.

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DEFENCE LUMINARY



DON GIBSON

Experienced defense man, who added needed weight to Varsity's defence. He should provide Ralph Maybank with plenty of protection and team up well with Jack Talbot, freshman stalwart, in breaking up opposition rushes.

COMETS BEAT GIRLS IN B DIV. GAME

Monday Night Saw Varsity Ladies Face 41-14 Defeat

The B Division of the Senior basketball team played their first league game against the Comets on Monday night, Dec. 4, in the upper Athabasca gym. The girls were encouraged (?) by a fair-sized audience.

At the beginning of the first quarter the play was loose, and neither team made much headway. Shooting was wild for the most part. Ford started the ball rolling for Varsity, scoring the first point on a free throw. Thrashed scored the first basket on a pass from Filipkowski. So at the end of this quarter the score stood 6-3 in favor of the Comets.

In the second quarter the play was bunched and rather rough. The Comets had many shots at the basket, but luckily for Varsity, most of them went astray. Ford added a point to Varsity's score by another free shot. The period ended 15-4 in favor of the Comets.

The third period was somewhat livelier. Kay Swallow must have spent the half-time in rousing that fighting spirit which seems to be so essential. But to get back to the game. I. Barnett brought the ball down the floor to score a basket. There was an epidemic of wild passing for a while, then Barnett added another point by a free throw. She continued the good work by making a beautiful basket from almost centre floor. Thrashed was the next to

HAS CLASS



GUY KINNEAR

Stellar pivot man of the Varsity sextette for the last two years. Guy has been Varsity's leading scorer for two years, and with good ice we look for some goals off his stick this year.

AGS TROUCE ARTS IN EXCITING BATTLE

McFadden High Scorer With 18 Points

By a score of 25-14, the Farmers decisively defeated the Arts in a scheduled interfac basketball game on Nov. 30. Their superior combination and greater experience on the floor told the story in an emphatic manner.

For the winners, McFadden and Davidson were the pick, the former bulging the hemp nine times. Davidson played his position well. The Aggies did not, however, make very good use of their penalty shots, only one being scored, that by Peake.

Cook was outstanding for the Arts, although he only managed to net himself five points. He showed himself to be a competent playmaker. He was poorly supported, however, by the rest of the team, whose passing was extremely ragged at times. Collins gained for himself the doubtful distinction of having the greatest number of penalties called against him, but he managed to escape the fourth call.

score, on a pass from Algar. At the end of the third the score was 29 for the Comets and 11 for Varsity.

The play slumped again in the fourth quarter (that fighting spirit does not seem to last long and should be revived at the end of each period). Guarding was loose on the part of Varsity. Filipkowski, making a basket on a pass from Black and Swallow who got a free shot, were the only Varsity scorers in this period. Consequently the game ended with the score 41-14 in favor of the Comets.

SPORTING SLANTS

By Cecil Jackman

The prodigal Senior League, having finally decided that it is more encouraging to play before a thousand full seats than before five thousand empty ones, has returned to the Varsity rink. The Superiors evidently figure that they are right in there, and are going to get in a few practices at the Arena against the Canadians (the erstwhile Imperials) and the Crescents. The campus squad thus plays all its games on its own ice, and students should make special efforts to give the boys a little support.

The Superiors, having corralled nearly all the overtown talent, are undoubtedly the team to beat, unless over-confidence wrecks their chances, as it nearly did last spring against Calgary Bronks.

But Varsity should not be anybody's push-over. With a sound defense and an experienced front line, the team should be able to hold its own. Al Hall is going to be missed, but Don Gibson has the experience and should make a good job of filling long Al's shoes.

Not much is known of the Crescent team that stacks up against Varsity next Tuesday, but a good way to spend the evening will be to come and see how Varsity stacks up. Give the boys a little hand.

Al Wilson can promise that this year's team will have something that has hitherto been a negligible quantity in Varsity's teams, and that is condition. So with a little support the boys may repeat the record of the 1930-31 team.

Cut this out for future reference:

League Schedule

- Dec. 7—Superiors at Canadians.
- Dec. 12—Crescents at Varsity.
- Dec. 16—Varsity at Canadians.
- Dec. 19—Crescents at Superiors (at Arena).
- Dec. 21—Superiors at Varsity.
- Dec. 26—Crescents at Canadians.
- Dec. 28—Canadians at Superiors (at Arena).
- Jan. 6—Varsity at Crescents.
- Jan. 9—Canadians at Varsity.
- Jan. 11—Crescents at Superiors (at Arena).
- Jan. 16—Superiors at Varsity.
- Jan. 20—Crescents at Canadians.
- Jan. 25—Canadians at Superiors (at Arena).
- Jan. 30—Crescents at Varsity.
- Feb. 3—Superiors at Varsity.
- Feb. 6—Crescents at Canadians.
- Feb. 8—Superiors at Crescents.
- Feb. 13—Canadians at Varsity.

Above dates subject to confirmation by Arena and Varsity rink managements. All games except when otherwise stated at Varsity rink.

Senior Basketball Squad Defeat YMCA Hornets

Despite Losses to Seniors, the Revamped Team Wins Hard-Fought Game, 43-26

The Senior basketball team, the Golden Bears, got their first taste of competition on Saturday evening when they encountered the Hornets. The Hornets are one of the fastest-moving aggregations in the city. Though only a junior team, it is composed of some of the best and most experienced players in the city. The Bears have lost heavily through graduation, and so there are many new faces on the lineup. But they did credit to themselves and to their coach by the 43-26 decision which they won.

Henderson opened the scoring for Varsity when he dropped a basket for one point after being fouled by Plowman. The party being formally opened, the boys went on a scoring spree. Baskets dropped in short order. Smith assumed statuesque poses, and spun the ball through without deigning to use the backboard. Shipley following in a less spectacular but very efficient manner, duplicated, and to prove that he had the goods shot another basket. Smith, not to be outdone, tossed the ball over his head and scored a ringer. Then picking up a nice pass from Anderson, put it where all good passes belong. Figuring that the game needed peppering up, Ken Smith snatched onto the inflated sphere after the toss-up, dashed madly about the floor with the ball still in his possession, swept into enemy territory, lunged, evaded and again scored. The fans went wild at the first "Smith Episode," but became positively delirious at the end of the spasm.

In the meantime, the remainder of the team were not sitting around holding hands and murmuring, "Ken and Jawn, we love you so." They were right in the thick of the melee, snapping out passes, guarding and checking so that these two hard-working forwards might reap the benefit of their labors. At the centre of the attack was Coach Arn Henderson. Always watchful, acting as the very necessary restraining force on the early-season enthusiasm of the newer members of the team, he saved the boys from running themselves ragged in the early spasms of the game, and so being left open to the certain ravages of the smaller but more experienced team. The hardest working man on the team, he was continually pestered by the Hornets, who swarmed about this, the biggest "Bear" on the team. This suited the Long Arn's ends quite well, because he was fouled many times, but unfortunately only scored one point out of the six free throws allotted

to him. Richard, Shillington and Anderson also contributed points towards Varsity's rapidly mounting score. It is interesting and pleasing to note that there were only five personal fouls called against the Bears in this first half, while the Hornets were called to account nine times. To this observer the Bears seemed to be playing an exceptionally clean game. Their scoring on free tosses was not so hot, only netting three points in twelve attempts. The Hornets did much better in this regard, chalking up four points in six tries. This first half ended with Hornets fighting rather ineffectually under a 29-8 lashing.

If the first half was won by the brilliance of the Varsity team, the second was stolen from under their noses by the experience of the Hornets and the finished performance turned in by Jimmy Rennie. Had not these smaller fellers been badly weakened by the removal of several of their best players due to "too much personality" they would, we believe, have piled up a somewhat momentous score. As it was, every one of the Bears got a chance to strut his stuff, and by dint of their

(Continued on Page Six)

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POT POURRI

In Which Our Peripatetic Columnist
Airs His Views on Political Or-
ganizations, Others' Views on
Women, And His Own On Mrs. Al
Jolson's So-Called Acting.

By Percival Hodnut

"You can't adopt politics as a pro-
fession and remain honest."
—Louis McHenry Howe.

President Roosevelt's secretary
thus confirms what we have long
suspected, and gives us a firm basis
for our repeated refusal to join polit-
ical clubs (especially with a view
to a political career). The trouble
with an alliance with any party is
the expectation that anything "raw"
will meet with your approval pro-
vided it is for the party's good (par-
don, "for the country's good").

Taint So Good

We still have that taint of college
men (some of them, at least) which
is bemoaned by newspaper editors
and business executives: the weakness
of adhering to ideals we believe
worth-while, many of which political
leaders would have us surrender. We
have heard nothing more honeyed,
or more specious than the politicians
who attempted to wean us first to a
mild compromise, then by successive
stages to complete surrender of our
adherence to things we believe nec-
essary to worth-while living and
real service to our fellows generally.
Similar revolts could be staged
against the demands of other depart-
ments of life, of course, but their
intensities would be much less in de-
gree than in party-politics revul-
sions.

Going On A Party

All this leads us to adopt a phil-
osophy of turn-coatism: if we must
be unscrupulous politically, it shall
always be our policy to lend what-
ever strength we can to the party
(Liberal, C.C.F., Conservative, Com-
munist, what you will) which, at
the moment we observe, is doing
something progressive and construc-
tive for whatever country we hap-
pen to be a citizen in. As soon as
the compromise principle we speak
of enters, out we go to find the lads
who at the moment are doing some-
thing worth while.

"Ah!" say the party adherents,
"if you do that you run the risk of
electing governments which, once in
the saddle, forget their promises, or
keep them for a while and then turn
things upside down by corruption,
etc., etc." Well, isn't that a chance
we must take with any government,
no matter what it promises?

We believe that party membership
belongs primarily in the Houses of
Parliament anyway. The promiscuous
manner in which it is allowed to per-
vade and pollute the life of many an
"average citizen" gets our immacu-
late back up.

Ah, Zeet French!

"To correct the faults of man, we
address the head; to correct those
of women, we address the heart."

This bit of wisdom is credited to
one De Beauchêne. A somewhat
similar idea may or may not have
occurred to Balzac when he said that
"No man has yet discovered the
means of giving successfully friendly

advice to women—not even to his
own." Apparently De Beauchêne had
gained more experience, or had
keener insight, or was just being
blindly optimistic in his observations.

It's a Case of Keeler Cure

We hate to say this in public, but
nevertheless it is our conviction that
Ruby Keeler (Mrs. Al Jolson) is the
female movie counterpart of "Dead-
pan" Dick, a character we once read
about (not to be confused with
"Deadeye"). Ruby's tap-dancing is
all to the good, but her acting—
well, we have yet to be persuaded
that she has personality enough to
belong anywhere but in a cabaret
where (if you don't mind, Mr. Man-
ager) we would be quite satisfied to
watch her dance her little piece and
then leave the stage. This sounds
most unkind, we know, but it just
can't be helped: she's spoiled two
or three good pictures for us. Sorry,
Ruby.

Why Is It?

By H. W. J.

I know a genial punster—a figure
of our corridors, a frequenter of
the Tuck. He perpetrates puns with
the most amazing candor and art-
lessness. In his presence you cannot
but agree that punning is a neat art,
much as it has been maligned by
popular consent.

In his eager eyes and enthusiastic
voice you feel that a real pun—a
workable one—is one of nature's
masterpieces; something on a par
with the "Mona Lisa" or a perfect
college song. But as he will tell you
himself, not everybody could tell a
pun and escape its consequences the
way he can. And we agree with him.

With unspeakable audacity he told
one right beneath our startled noses
the other night, and not a single
frown or look of boredom was dis-
cernible on the faces of my com-
panions—only awe, mixed with ven-
eration.

All hail to such mastery! Indeed,
a priest of punning has arisen in our
midst! May he live to need a press-
agent and see his puns decorating in-
vitation and place cards as well as
the postcards, prefaces, dedications,
gravestones, university diplomas of
the world!

Ask him to repeat his pun on
"assimilation" the next time you
meet him.

Speaking of unusual hobbies, I am
reminded of a peculiar diversion pre-
valent among a certain set of car-
nivora at this University.

It was forcibly brought to my mind
as I was walking down the corridor
the other day. An agitated man
bore down upon me. "Say, J—,"
he spluttered, somewhat incoherently,
"can you tell me the name of a cer-
tain lizard that often holds out in
the Arts rotunda?"

"I don't know," I began uncer-
tainly. "What does he look like?"
"Well, he's done me in, and I've
got a notion to plant a fist in his
mush." He fell into a dream, but
otherwise seemed to be in a highly
nervous state; he pranced, his fists
folded and opened spasmodically.

"Well, it's this way," he began
presently. "It's the story of the
big bad wolf with an unhappy end-
ing. One of these campus wolves—
you know the kind—all natty mus-
tache, knife-edged trousers, hair-
wave, spats—oh, what's the use of
saying anything more!—well, he cut
me out with Cerise. You know
Cerise, don't you?—that pretty
brunette with loads of style. The
one that's always talking with me—
and—smiling!"

He rubbed his hand, a fatuous
grin lighting up his face.

I nodded sympathetically.

"What a girl!" A sad smile in-
formed his face for a second, to be
followed by a look of desperation.

"And I lost her. All on account of
a damned campus chameleon."
"You know," he became confiden-
tial. "I wouldn't mind losing her to
a decent fellow like—er—myself, but
to give her to a damned campus
chameleon—that's the limit!"

Suddenly he was gone, leaving be-
hind him an atmosphere that spoke
dolefully of the inanities, and in-
ebriation, as well as the anaesthetic
action upon the brain of a bad case
of love.

Meeting him again in front of the

It Happened in Spain

(A Study in Icelandic Saga Style)

By Ralph E. Zuur

He kept house in Chicago, in a land
called Massachusetts, by the Michi-
gan lake. Many people thought ill
of him, for he was a cross-grained
man and had few friends. He had
good eyes, but his features were
sharp, his face ashen pale, his nose
turned up, and his front teeth stuck
out. Also his mouth looked very
ugly.

Quick was wealthy in goods and
money. He was so great a maker of
spiced ham and sausages that his
match could not be found. Florence
was his wife's name. She was a
high-spirited woman, but somewhat
hard-tempered. Florence and Quick
had three children, two sons and one
daughter, but those two sons do not
enter into this story.

Now, it must be told that Quick
and his wife Florence, and Mary-
Anne, the daughter, went to Europe
on a vacation. Mary-Anne was the
fairest of women to look on. She
was tall of stature, too, but she was
rather lavish and in all hard-hearted.
Many fine men had come to woo her,
but she had sent all of them away.
As to her upbringing, she had been
at the best schools and academies,
and had got a fine education. But
she had heard what a good thing it
was to polish off one's education by
a visit to Europe.

Now, there had been some talk be-
tween the parents of Mary-Anne and
Mary-Anne herself, and the outcome
of it all was that the three of them
went to Europe to find a husband
and to polish off the young woman's
education. Mary-Anne had got a list,
from an educational institute, of all
the things which she had to see in
Europe in order to polish off her
education.

Quick and his wife Florence and
Mary-Anne saw many strange things
in England and on the continent, and
they were impressed as it was proper
to be. At least they "did" Paris and
Madrid, and finally settled down for
a while at San Sebastian, which is
at the Bay of Biscay, to rest. Mary-
Anne often tried the temper of
Quick, as she was very independent
and willful. One day she went before
her father and said:

"It is my wish to ride into the
mountains, into the land of the
Basques. Give me the automobile
so that I may cover great distances."

And for all her father could say,
she did go. But she consented to his
wishes in so far that she did not
drive herself, but was driven by the
chauffeur named Ondárritz, who had
been in their household for many
years. Quick and his wife are now
out of the story.

There was a man named Jean
Pierre Ibarnegaray. He was the son
of Ramuncho, the peasant. He was a
quiet man, very thoughtful and
well meaning. He lived alone in the
mountains, which are called the
Pyrenees. On that day he drove his
oxen on the road to Saint Pee, with
a load of hay. When he came to the
spot where the forest of Farosson
reaches the road, he saw the fine new
playing wall which the American

Irratzabal had had erected for his
countrymen, so that they could all
play Pelota without great cost. Jean
Pierre Ibarnegaray forgot all about
his oxen and the load of hay. He
took a chistera (a kind of basket to
catch the balls) from an iron cage
which was protected by a small roof,
and tried a few balls against the
new wall.

Zogaya was the name of the post-
man around that part of the coun-
try. He was very swift of foot and
prone to talk a great deal. At that
moment he would have finished his
round but for a few letters. When
he saw Ibarnegaray he watched him
and corrected some mistakes. He also
took a chistera and gave Ibarnegaray
a lesson, for he was a master in the
game of Pelota.

Now the Vicar Arneguy came to
the field. When he saw that two
men practised Pelota he pocketed his
breviary, for he had much time. He
also took a chistera. Then Aronceta
came, who was a shepherd, a leader
of great herds, of no mean import-
ance. He left his cattle grazing
wherever they would and joined the
game. Then Jack Irratzabal, who
was the son of the builder of the
pelota-wall, came from the village
where he was visiting his grand-
parents, and he could not resist the
temptation of the game.

Now it must be told how Mary-
Anne and her chauffeur Ondárritz
arrived at the place where Ibarne-
garay's oxen were standing on the
road. They could not pass and they
could not see anyone anywhere.
Mary-Anne became angry and used
high-sounding words. Ondárritz went
away to look for the owner of the
oxen, and soon he saw the wall of
Irratzabal. Ondárritz, who was a
Bask, forgot Mary-Anne and the au-
tomobile. He danced around the play-
ers, to the front and to the right, as
is the custom of the counter in these
parts, and recited in sing-song—
which is the way they have done there
for at least a thousand years—the
points lost and those won.

When Mary-Anne at last looked
herself for her chauffeur, there were
Ibarnegaray the peasant, Zogaya the
postman, the Vicar Arneguy, Aronceta
the leader of herds, Irratzabal
the young American, and Ondárritz
the chauffeur all playing Pelota. Ir-
ratzabal, the young American, was
the first who came to his senses. He
spoke to Mary-Anne, but had a little
difficulty in persuading Ondárritz to
return to his automobile and Ibarne-
garay to his oxen.

Irratzabal now showed Mary-Anne
the country of Bask. When they
had seen all there was to be seen
they returned to San Sebastian. Ir-
ratzabal spoke to the parents, and
the outcome of it all was that they
promised him Mary-Anne's hand.
They called Mary-Anne and asked
her if she would marry Irratzabal,
whereupon she said yes. Then they
settled the dowry, which was no
mean sum, and were married in Mad-
rid, which is the capital of the coun-
try of Spain.

Arts building, I was forced to listen
to another installment of his self-
commiseration.

It wasn't as if he considered that
he was the answer to a maiden's
prayer, he explained with uncon-
scious truth, for he was only a pleas-
ingly homely man with appealing
eyes, but he hated to see a girl get
taken in so easily, as Nell did. Once
more he became incoherent, and ex-
ploded in a torrent of recrimination
concerning guys that had nothing
else to do except pinch other fellows'
girls.

I tried to convey my sympathy as
delicately as I could, but I doubt
that he heard me. He continued to
glare at the library windows in a
distracted way.

Suddenly he turned and fixed me
with a blackly intense look.

"I got it," he exploded. "I'll buy
a tux—and invite her to the
Junior Prom. Maybe she was only
having some fun with me. Where
do you get the tickets?" He was off.

I shrugged an ironical shoulder.

A strange incident here comes to
mind. The scene is The Gateway
office. Evidently the haunting
strains of "The Sweetheart of Sigma
Chi" have had their effect on the
staff, for a discussion is in progress,
having as its subject the choosing of
a Varsity queen—not one wearing
the gold and green either!

One persistent interruptor is a man
by the name of Jack Tuck, who keeps
saying that he knows a girl that
would fill the position exactly.

"She's a brunette," he gurgles.
"Just the right type for a campus
queen."

"You're wrong there," comes the
voice of Ken Ives. "I suggest a tall,
stately blonde with plenty of 'it,' a
bit on the cool side, a figure like
Claudette Colbert's and a ravishing
face. If you wish I'll bring her here
for your inspection."

At this juncture Jack Garrett
seems to be slightly perturbed, but
forbears to speak.

Jack Tuck is heard to begin his
ravings again, but is fortunately pre-
vented from continuing by Larry
Alexander.

"It seems," he states, "that there
is a slight disagreement among you
fellows. In order to settle it, I sub-
mit that we compromise on a small
blonde, the cuddly kind, big baby
blue eyes, and baby talk—something
like this—'Does oo love oor little
bittie dirlie.'"

Here Larry stopped, looking a
trifle sheepish. "Anyway," he finishes,
"I can furnish her on fairly short
notice."

Before Jack Tuck can get his
breath a further offering is made.
"How does the idea of a luscious

strawberry blonde of the Joan Craw-
ford type strike you, popular, clever,
and what have you?" The voice
comes from outside the door, presu-
mably from the mail-box. Before any-
one can reach the door the owner of
the voice has disappeared.

As this great controversy is still
in full swing, we will have to extend
its scope to the whole student body.
The question is, who will be our
campus queen? Any suggestions
will be gladly considered by the em-
battled Gateway staff.

If I may be pardoned for digress-
ing from campus queens to embryo
columnists, I will tell you of a queer
experience I had with one the other
afternoon.

This gentleman, on meeting me
outside the office, propounded a
question worthy of Socrates.

"What is fame?" he asked rhetori-
cally. Not giving me time to gainsay
him, he continued:

"It's funny, but for a couple of
years I have been making sage re-
marks concerning dramatists, actors
and actresses, dances and theatrical
productions of all kinds with little
more result than an occasional com-
pliment. But one night, feeling a
little tired, I blundered on fame un-
aware. It came like this. I was
popping away at my typewriter.
When pulling away the sheet I notic-
ed a production entitled "Poppies."

At first I was rather dubious about
its quality, but finally ended up by
saying, "Probably good enough for
The Gateway."

"Now I am a marked man, the
scapegoat or mascot of hundreds, the
Helen of Troy over which learned
students and professors contend.
You know, it makes me feel quite
apoplectic!"

Another gentleman I met admit-
ted that he was a dramatic critic. He
seemed to be in a quandary.

"It's the Sophomore play that is
getting me down," he told me. "Was
it really good? or was I just confused
by the glamor of blank verse, occa-
sional end rhymes and seductive cos-
tumes? Personally, I thought it was
very good. What do you think?"

I said I thought it very good.

"Was the plot good also, and its
wisecracks original and apt?"

"Yes, I think so," I said.

"Well," he muttered, "I guess I
lose two bucks and a half!"

Wool taken from the back of a
dead sheep has less weaving value
than the wool taken from live sheep.
—Y News.

It is estimated that students can
obtain an education at the University
of Arizona for as little as \$320, in-
cluding living costs.

INTER-YEAR PLAYS

It was unfortunate that several
other social functions diminished the
size of the audience last Friday night,
but the faithful were amply reward-
ed by probably the most interesting,
and certainly the most enjoyable,
inter-class plays produced within the
last five years. In spite of the fact
that the tickets advertised the per-
formance as starting at 8 o'clock,
that the official hour was 8:15, and
the actual time the curtain went up
was 8:35, the whole evening was well
organized; the intervals between
plays were comparatively short, and
speak eloquent praise of the effi-
ciency of Mr. Ringwood, the stage
manager, Mr. Grant, the electrician,
and their cohorts.

The Freshmen chose as their play
A. A. Milne's "The Man in the Bow-
ler Hat," a hardy perennial which
bobs up at Inter-year Play night with
regular consistency. It is, however,
a play which is easy to present, and
very hard to spoil—in this matter the
Fresh class were extremely wise, be-
cause with a more difficult play their
lack of experience might have got
them into trouble. As it was, I got
the impression that the actors were
having as much fun as the audience,
a very unusual thing in University
dramatics. Rose Marie Boleau as
Mary, and Jack Raymond as John,
improved after a shaking start, and
injected some humour into the rather
trying episode about tickets and hat-
boxes. That Gertrude Ellert made an
attractive heroine was evident by the
prolonged attention paid to her by
both the hero, Mitchel Bricker, and
the audience—the latter particularly
approving the studied application of
the former when indulging in a mar-
athon embrace. Bob Borden made
an extraordinarily virile villain, but
tendered to roar too much, with the
result that his natural voice sounded
rather attenuated. Mr. Harper, as
the Bad Man, looked very tough in-
deed, a mixture between a Cockney
costermonger and a gangster; the
torturing with the pin was done very
pleasantly, but he seemed to have
considerable trouble in keeping his
gun in its holster. It was rather
unfortunate that Mr. Henry seemed
in such a hurry to say his line and
depart—a little more poise and de-
liberation would have created a bet-
ter climax.

With all due consideration to the
judges and to the cast of "The Clod,"
I cannot see why the Junior Class
was awarded the shield. It was the
only play in which the promptings
were very evident, while one or two
little incidents ruined the atmosphere
which had been so carefully created
and spoiled the continuity. It was
unfortunate that the lantern stead-
fastly refused to be lighted, and that
Thaddeus Trash's departure for a
match was emphasized by an ominous
silence, which was almost transfor-
med to one of excitement when he re-
turned with the lantern afire. Surely
the fugitive could have made a little
less noise when getting into the
cubby-hole?—as it was, it must have
been most embarrassing for Mr.

(Continued on Page Six)

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ON POPPIES

What is this tag, this crimson rag?
What does it try to say?
What Pagan rite is this that makes
us bow our heads and pray?
What is it for? the praise of war?
The Dead to glorify?
Or fill our hearts with smoking hate
for foes who did not die?

O muddled brains and shallow minds!
there is no thought of war;
No love of strife and loss of life, no
glorifying gore;
No idle blast of hollow praise, the
fire of youth to fan;
It is a token of the love that man
can bear to man.

An emblem of a loyal heart, who,
when stark horror rose,
Haggled not on right and wrong, or
moaned about their woes.
Their path was clear; with danger
near, They gathered strength to
sing;

With sturdy heart, They did their
part; They gave their everything.

And now men's memories grow short,
and cynics, goody-good,
See only hate, and love to prate of
fire, and sword, and blood.

While other dangers ring us round,
and all the world's insane,
The cynics crow with ghoulish glee,
because They died in vain.

As in the past the world was mad,
perhaps we err today;
May we have hearts to stand the
test, just half as well as They!
Leave criticism to the Gods; we do
not wear it well;
Enough to know, virtue can grow
within the Gates of Hell.

—By C.

It is estimated that four pairs of
safety glasses, each of which cost
Pennsylvania 60 cents, saved compen-
sation costs amounting to \$8,000.—Y
News.

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"WE KNOW HOW"

INTER-YEAR PLAYS

(Continued from Page Five)

Stewart, as the Southern Soldier, to remain unaware of the noise behind him. The appeal of the play, however, was largely due to the excellent work of Margery Mackenzie, who was happily chosen as the best actress of the evening. It is a very hard job for any young person to successfully and convincingly play the part of a much older one; yet Miss Mackenzie did this, the impression being partly conveyed by an excellent make-up, but more particularly by her carriage and the eloquent use of her hands. Her voice, submissive yet querulous, was well used, and further helped the portrayal of a woman aged by toil and adversity. The play started well, as Miss Mackenzie and Mr. Fraser Macdonald immediately produced the atmosphere, which should have been the keynote of the whole performance, but which I lost on the appearance of the Northern Soldier. Mr. Alan Macdonald has a fine voice and is a capable actor, but seemed to imagine that he was playing one of the "Three Musketeers," with the result that at least on one occasion he was so anxious to adopt a swash-buckling pose that he forgot his lines. The unfortunate incidents already referred to then occurred, and the play seemed to lose its momentum which, in spite of the valiant efforts of the cast, could not be restored. All of this may seem unnecessarily harsh, but it is not intended to be so—since Miss Mackenzie's fine acting, a simple but effective set, and clever lighting did much to make the production enjoyable.

The Sophomore Class are to be congratulated on having the courage to produce a play written by one of their number, and on having made a distinct success of it. Mr. Parker Kent has uncovered a talent, which I sincerely hope he will not keep dormant in future years. His use of Elizabethan costumes and modern contrivances such as telephones, was a masterly one; while his interspersing of Elizabethan English with modern American colloquialisms was equally effective. From the centre of the audience it was quite possible to detect what was going on backstage in the right wing, a fact which in a less interesting play might have detracted the audience's attention. It would have been much more enjoyable if all the members of the cast had waited for their laughs, instead of going ahead at full speed—as it was, many of the lines were inaudible, and much of the humour of others was lost. I felt that it was rather unnecessary to cram the Professor, Mr. Smaltz and Mr. Morrow round the table at the extreme left during their business discussion, when all the rest of the stage was available; but such matters had little effect on the general tone, which was one of amusement and hearty laughter.

Mr. Elson, as Dean Howard, had a strong and well modulated voice, which should prove an asset to the Dramatic Society in future years. Vivien Hood, as Mary Howard, was very delightful; her costume was extremely becoming, and assisted her in her rôle, particularly when coquetting the timid professor. Her voice inflections and facial expressions were excellent, particularly when simulating surprise at the unexpected (but not unapproved) vigour of her lover. Jack McIntosh, as Professor Hubert Toomis, was a very embarrassed suitor; although his diction was clear, I felt his actions to be rather stiff, and he made little use of his hands—which, of course, may have only been explanatory of his embarrassment caused by Miss Hood's blandishments. Mr. Corley, as Mr. Smaltz, and Mr. Millican, as Mr. Morrow, were at times rather hard to hear, but were sufficiently convincing. Miss Young looked much like a Dresden shepherdess, and Miss Thomson tripped on and off the stage in true Arcadian style. Altogether, one of the most amusing and entertaining plays I have ever seen.

Miles Malleson has not the art of Shaw, Elmer Rice or O'Neill, consequently "Black 'Ell" is mostly propaganda and very little play, with the result that one gets a little tired having the author's thesis forced down the throat in three very large portions. Accordingly one feels that Malleson might just as well have written a monologue, but was afraid interest might flag and so introduced a number of other characters to camouflage the real issue.

Miss Polley and Mr. Love gave the play a good start by building up an atmosphere of suspense which might at any time turn into tragedy. Miss Polley did a very fine piece of work; her voice was expressive without being excessive—it is very pleasant to see that some members of the Dramatic Society realize that to register anger or sorrow it is not necessary to either get hysterical or bellow like a bull. Edith Gibson has a beautiful voice which she used to great advantage, but where on earth did she get that extraordinary half-run, half-walk—surely no maid in an English household would go round at a dog-trot. However, her scene, when she has received the news of the death of her lover, was particularly well done, and deserves a lot of credit. Miss Clarke, as Jean, was very attractive, but was once or twice rather hard to hear; I felt that at the end of the play, she should have been doing anything rather than stand bolt upright behind the arm-chair—that, however, is a matter of direction. Miss Wilkinson, as a W.A.A.C., and Mr. King, as Colonel Eric Fane, were both good red-blooded souls, without the touch of anaemia which marked the rest of the characters, and served as an excellent stimulant at a time when things were becoming a little morbid.

Eric Johnson set himself a very

PHYSICS CLUB

The mysteries of the atomic building stones were unfolded to the Physics Club at 4:30, Nov. 29, by Prof. S. Smith, who presented a paper on "The Neutron." Only in the last two or three years has this new particle been definitely added to the realm of Physics. In 1930, two German investigators, Bothe and Becker, discovered that when bombarded by rapidly moving alpha particles, the nuclei of some of the lighter elements such as Beryllium, emitted radiation of very high energy, which indicated that these nuclei were composite and capable of sustaining various energy states.

Chadwick, following this lead in the Cavendish Laboratory in England, succeeded in proving that this high energy radiation was in reality a stream of fast moving particles, which had no charge, and a mass of approximately one. These particles are called neutrons.

The theory of the structure of atomic nuclei is greatly simplified by the discovery of this new particle. The amazing regularity in which the elements are constructed in order in the Periodic Table is highly suggestive of simple and fundamental relations between the basic forms of matter. One of the most startling results of these experiments is that when a rapidly moving alpha particle collides with a nucleus, the nucleus is so disturbed that a new element is formed. The transmutation of elements is realized on a small scale.

The discussion which followed Prof. Smith's paper indicated that a great deal of interest was aroused in the audience by this absorbing topic.

SENIOR BASKETBALL SQUAD DEFEAT "Y" HORNETS

(Continued from Page Four)

superior size did not lag too far behind in the scoring.

Smith did not start the second half, but when he did come on he, too, succumbed to "personality plus." Those referees called 'em close, and with four personal fouls to his debit, Ken headed for the showers less than two minutes after he reached the floor. He managed to register one basket, but this was little compensation for the loss of his services. A player in the showers isn't a dickens of a lot of use when the game goes on.

With the removal of his team-mate, Shipley began to cut up in a very dignified fashion. He continued to pepper the backboard, and dropped baskets with meticulous care, doing his bit faithfully and well in aiding the smooth workings of Arn's snappy combination. Being still a big playful boy, he took to chasing the ball around backwards; failing in this, he tried to punt the ball through the basket in the best bean ball fashion. He didn't succeed. Jawn accounted for half the Bears' tally this half. Long Arn, Shillington and Smith shared the other seven points between them.

Anderson received the brunt of the wrist slapping this time, but failed to score on his four attempts. Shillington was the only one to profit by the free throws, netting one ball. All the other members of the team took a total of ten free shots at the hoop, but did not tally one. The Hornets made four of their ten attempts click with the scorekeeper.

In the game there were twenty-three fouls called against the Hornets, while only nine counted against the Bears. Nice work. Jimmy Rennie view with his brother for best man with the Hornets. Jimmy, in our opinion, please, was the best finished player on the floor. Cheer up, though, when you boys have been playing the hoop game as long as he has you should be good too.

For Varsity, Long Arn, the Brain, was just that and good. Ken Smith was good while he lasted, but he didn't last long enough. Jawn Shipley was the best and most consistently good of all the new material. Woods seemed flustered and nervous, otherwise we can't judge. The others worked hard and seemed to fit in with the scheme of things, which is what counts. With some more opposition to try their teeth on, considerably more accuracy in shooting, the Golden Bears will measure up to those of '28-'29. Here's hopin'.

Lineups:
Varsity — Shipley (14), Woods, Henderson (3), Richard (3), Rostrup, Shillington (5), Keiwell, Anderson (2), Smith (16). Total, 43.
Hornets—Rennie, R. (3), Rennie, J. (10), Plowman (2), Muir, Martel, E. (3), Martel, H. (6), Richards, M., Richards, F. (1), Munroe (1).
Referees—McTavish, Moskovitch.
Timekeeper—Kramer.

heavy job; he assumed the burden of a one-man performance and also the task of direction. I think the latter suffered a little; it was evident in several cases that had Mr. Johnson had more time for direction, he would have improved some of the groupings, and changed some of the actions. His acting, on the other hand, was very fine; his portrayal of an hysterical, neurotic soldier unnerved by the horrors of war kept the audience waiting for his next word—he was the only actor of the evening whom I felt had the audience completely at his command. He maintained even his longest speeches, but perhaps it would have been easier for the audience if he had not been so tense all the way through the play—the constant tenseness tended to standardize his emotion. It was, however, a very fine piece of acting.

The function of a critic being to criticize, I hope I have not trodden on too many corns in the discharge of my duty—while realizing that I have left much unsaid, I trust that what I have said is pertinent and will be taken as such.

CHRISTOPHER JACKSON.



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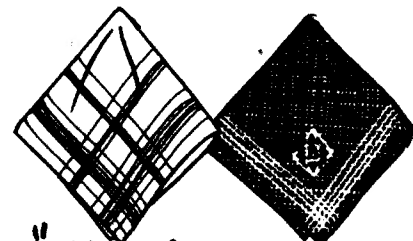
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“And not too blatant!” I like Johnstone Walker's Neckwear, for they seem to show good taste in buying. Only the other day I was shown a new shipment in the diagonal stripes, tweed effects and hand-printed designs, wool lined to prevent creasing. Priced at 50c, 75c and \$1.00

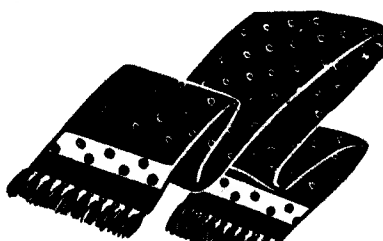
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